





THE NAME IS PETER SCRATCH!

Stand aside and make room for a free-swinging private investigator by the name of Peter Scratch!

In pursuit, in romance, in trouble — Peter Scratch is a hard-bitten fighter. He's smart enough to solve a diabolical scheme, but not always shrewd enough to avoid a blow on the head while kissing a voluptuous blonde!

Follow the adventures of this exciting new comic strip character every day in The Des Moines Register, beginning Monday, Sept. 13, and every Sunday, beginning Sept. 19, in the Des Moines Sunday Register. Don't miss the action — order today! Contact your local representative, write us or, in Des Moines, call 243-2111.

The Action Starts Monday, September 13!





Peter Scratch Is Coming!

SEPT. 12 IN THE TWO NEW JERSEY REGIONS



"THE NAME IS SCRATCH! I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, PETER SCRATCH. FUNNY NAME, SCRATCH? I GUESS SO. CHARACTERS WHO'D DO ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH CALL ME 'PETE' THE 'ITCH'! THEY DO IT ONCE—NEVER AGAIN... YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, SCRATCH ALSO MEANS DOUGH, OR THE DEVIL... REMEMBER THAT."

9-13

© 1945 Newbury Inc.

I JUST FINISHED A CASE. A REAL DIRTY ONE—DIVORCE STUFF. I TOOK IT BECAUSE I NEEDED THE DOUGH, BUT I'VE GOT A DELICATE STOMACH, AND WHEN MY CLIENT, A LOUSE NAMED HARVEY YOUNGER, IMPLIED I WAS LESS THAN EFFICIENT AT MY LIFE'S CALLING...



"I RESIGNED!"



"I HAD JUST SEEN MY LATEST CLIENT TO THE STAIRS—WHEN HE RAN INTO THIS QUEER, LOOKING LITTLE CREEP COMING UP."

© 1945 Newbury Inc.



I'M SORRY, MISTER, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE USED THE ELEVATOR.

ELEVATOR? I SAW NO ELEVATOR.

9-14



NO ELEVATOR, HUH? NEVER CHECKED UP ON IT MYSELF! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOU CONFUSE ME, MR. SCRATCH. FRANKLY, WITH THE TROUBLE I AM NOW IN, I DO NOT KNOW IF YOU CAN HELP ME OR HINDER ME.

"HE HAD A POINT THERE."



"MY NEW CLIENT WAS HANS FURST. HE LOOKED SO FREAKED I TOOK HIM HOME FOR ONE OF LUCRETIA'S HAM-POCK FISTS. HANS DOESN'T LET THAT ROLLED UP PACKAGE HE HUGS OUT OF HIS HANDS FOR A SECOND."

© 1945 Newbury Inc.



HANS—THIS IS MY MOTHER. YOU CAN CALL HER MORN. I CALL HER, LUCRETIA.

BUTTON UP YOUR LIP, SON, AND INTRODUCE YOUR MOTHER PROPER!



"ALL THROUGH THE MEAL HANS KEPT SWIMMING HIS SKINNY NECK BETWEEN LUCRETIA AND ME LIKE HE DIDN'T BELIEVE WE WERE REALLY RELATED. BUT WE ARE."



"WHILE LUCRETIA IS SHOWING HANS MY OLD MAMA'S POLICE MEDALS, THE BELL RINGS. THE LITTLE CREEP STILL HAS A FULL NELSON ON THAT PACKAGE."

EXPECTING COMPANY, LUCRETIA?

NOT UNTIL I GET A PEEK AT WHO'S AT THE DOOR, SON. OPEN UP.

9-15

© 1945 Newbury Inc.



MY POOR DARLING!

ME?



NOT YOU, DON JUAN—HIM!

"THE WAY SHE GRABS HIM IT'S OBVIOUS THEY'RE NOT RELATED BY BLOOD—ONLY PASSION."



GRAB HIM—HE'S PASSING OUT!



I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE IF A BROAD KISSED ME LIKE THAT I'D PASS OUT, TOO! HOW'S YOUR FIRST AID, LUCRETIA?

UNRELIABLE, HEY!

© 1945 Newbury Inc.

9-16



WHERE IS CLEOPATRA?

MY PAINTING—MY TREASURE—



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED... AT FIRST I THOUGHT SHE WAS YOUR FRIEND... THEN SHE EMBRACED ME... AND I FELT A PRESSURE ON MY NECK—HERE.

SWALLOW IT! PUT HAIR ON YOUR CHEST.



THAT BROAD WAS TRYING TO KNOCK YOU OUT. WHY, HANS?

MY PAINTING—MY MASTERPIECE!



SO YOU'LL PAINT ANOTHER ONE, SONNY?

ANOTHER ONE! MADAME—THAT WAS A REMBRANDT... VALUED AT OVER ONE MILLION U.S. DOLLARS!

"SO WHO SAYS ONE DOESN'T PAINT?"

© 1945 Newbury Inc.

9-17



"PETER SCRATCH, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. IT'S A LIVING. IF YOU CAN CALL PLAYING NURSEMAID TO ODDBALLS LIKE HANG'S FIRST LIVING!"

"HANG HAS BEEN FROZEN STIFF BY A MYSTERIOUS BLUNDE WHO HAD BARGED INTO OUR DINNER, FAMILY STYLE AND BARRED OUT WITH A PAINTING..."



"MY MASTERPIECE, MY REMBRANDT!"

"LIKE MOST BOYS, I HAVE A MOTHER. BUT LUCRETIA'S NOT LIKE MOST MOTHERS."



"STRAIGHTEN OUT, HANSY BOY, OR I'LL GIG PETER, ON YOU! NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND START MAKING SENSE!"



"I TRUST YOU, SO I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. I AM AN ILLEGAL ALIEN. I COULD NOT HELP IT—THE QUOTA FROM MY COUNTRY IS FILLED FOR THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS."



"I HAD ARRANGED TO CROSS THE BORDER FOR A CONSIDERABLE SUM OF MONEY. ON THIS NIGHT I WAS WAITING WHERE THEY TOLD ME TO—ON A LONELY ROAD."



"A CAR PULLED UP THE DRIVER—A WOMAN—MOTIONED ME IN. WE DROVE IN SILENCE, MY HEART BEATING SO LOUD I WAS SURE IT MADE A NOISE."



"ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT SOME BREAD IS DRIVING A CAR ACROSS THE BORDER, AND YOU'RE LOADED WITH A SACK OF VALLIABLE PAINTINGS?"

"LEGITIMATE. THEY HAD BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS."



"GET OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE MOTOR, MISTER."

"BUT I AM NOT FAMILIAR—"



"I AM BEWILDERED. I GET OUT, AND BEFORE MY FOOT TOUCHES THE GROUND OF FREEDOM, THIS ANIMAL—THIS SHE-BEAST SPEEDS AWAY—WITH MY PAINTINGS!"



"SO THE LADY CHAUFFEUR TAKES OFF WITH YOUR PAINTINGS, HANG?"

"ALL BUT THE REMBRANDT, WHICH—BY SOME ACCIDENT, I HAVE BEEN HOLDING IN MY HAND WHEN I GET OUT OF THE CAR."



"AND THAT'S WHY YOU LOOK UP PETER—YOU WANT SOMEONE TO RECOVER THOSE PAINTINGS?"

"YES, BUT NOW IT IS EVEN MORE IMPORTANT! THEY HAVE THE JEWEL OF MY COLLECTION, MY BEAUTIFUL REMBRANDT."



"THIS IS A BUSINESS? AN ILLEGAL ALIEN HIRES ME TO FIND SOME PICTURES WHICH WERE PROBABLY HOT TO START WITH!"



"THIS DRIVER—WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE HER?"

"I DO NOT THINK SO. SHE HAD DARK HAIR, I THINK, AND ON THE BACK OF HER NECK..."



"...THERE WAS A HEART-SHAPED MOLE. THAT IS ALL."

"FIND A BRUNETTE WITH A HEART-SHAPED MOLE ON HER NECK? SIMPLE."



"I'M NOT THE BRIGHTEST GUY IN THE WORLD AND I GOT A MAN-SIZED APPETITE. SO INSTEAD OF TOSING THE CRAZY LITTLE CREEP OUT, I TELL HIM..."

"I'LL TAKE THE CAGE, HANG."



"TAKE IT AWAY, IT'S POISON."

"DON'T GIVE YOUR MOTHER NONE OF YOUR LIP, GON."



"IT'S GOOD FOR THE ULCER YOU'RE BUCKING FOR, PETER. YOU TAKE THE HANG FIRST CAGE."

"I JUST DID, LUCRETIA."



"I'LL GIVE IT A LITTLE OF MY TIME. WITH ME MASTER-MINDING MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE A HIT."

"THAT'S MY MOM—MODEST, SELF-ESPANNING AND BRIGHT. REAL BRIGHT. BESIDES WHICH I WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ON HANG FIRST IF I COULDN'T COUNT ON HER."



"WHEN MY ADDY CLIENT—HANS FURST—GETS HIS REMBRANDT HEISTED IN MY OWN HOUSE, I FIGURE IT'S ONLY FAIR TO RISK A TRIP TO THE MARPLE MUSEUM TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT THIS ART GAMBIT."



"SO WHILE LUCRETIA—MY GRAY-HAIRED OLD MOM—BARKS WITH FURST, I BRACE THE FIRST ART CRITIC I RUN INTO AT THE MUSEUM, A LEFT OVER FROM A DAYS' GRAM NAMED LINDA OTIS."

"SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THIS OTIS BARE, ONCE SHE CUTS OUT FROM THE MUSEUM...AND SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME WHEN LINDA SAYS HELLO LIKE A COLLIER SOPHOMORE DREAM."



"WHEN MY OLD MOTHER, LUCRETIA, TELLS ME TO GET TO KNOW SOMEONE WHO DOES ART—SHE DON'T MEAN TO GET TO KNOW THEM SO WELL SO FAST!"



"DON'T LOOK SO STUNNED, MR. SCRATCH—I HAPPEN TO BE AN IMPETUOUS GIRL."

"THE TRUTH IS, MISS OTIS, I'M THE IMPETUOUS TYPE MYSELF."



"THIS GAMBIT MAY NOT HELP ME IN GETTING BACK MY CLIENT'S MISSING MASTERPIECES, BUT WHO AM I TO KNOCK IT?"

"SOMETHING WRONG, LINDA?"



"AGAINST ACRES OF MUSCLES LIKE SIDNEY'S GOT, YOU DON'T STAND UP AND FIGHT, YOU GET FAST AND SAY A SILENT PRAYER."



"WHILE I'M DOING RESEARCH WITH THE LITTLE HOUSE FROM THE MUSEUM, LUCRETIA IS PLAYING GITTER TO MY NERVOUS CLIENT, HANS FURST."





LINDA OTIS, THE ART EXPERT WITH THE ECUATED EYES, SURE PULLED THE PLUG OUT OF THE MISSING REMBRANDT CASE...



HOW DO YOU HAVE UPSET THE APPLE CART, MR. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR—



NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT HANS FURST, MOM?



CHECK ME ON DETAILS, MOM. HANS FURST IS AN ILLEGAL ALIEN WHO GAUGLED IN SOME PAINTINGS. HIS MOST VALUABLE ONE GETS COPIED BY A BLONDE.



WHEN THE STORY HITS THE PAPERS, INSTEAD OF TEARING HIS GOALP, THE LITTLE ODD-BALL STRUCK US BOTH AS BEING VERY CHEERFUL.



WHAT MAKES PEOPLE SMILE? A CUTE KID, A STEAK RAKE, OR MONEY!



LITTLE HANSIE IS THE KIND OF CHARACTER WHO REACTS TO MONEY.



YOU HINTING THAT HANS FURST CRAVED THAT PUBLICITY ON HIS REMBRANDT?



I RAISED YOU TO HAVE A NASTY SUSPICIOUS MIND, SON. THINK THE WORST AND BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED WHEN IT TURNS OUT YOU'RE WRONG.



HE WANTS ALL THAT PUBLICITY ON HIS SHAPED REMBRANDT, BECAUSE MAYBE THAT'S HOW HE SELLS HIS MERCHANDISE?



AND WHEN WILL YOU ARRANGE TO 'FIND' IT, HANS?



TO THE IMMORTAL REMBRANDT, WHOSE FAME SHALL BE INCREASED THROUGH THE TALENT OF HANS FURST.



FAKE! MY TALENT IS GREATER THAN REMBRANDT'S, AND IT WILL BRING AT LEAST \$2,000,000! FOOH!



AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY FIND OUT YOU PAINTED IT AND NOT HIM?



"WHEN IN DOUBT, SEE A BLONDE. I ALWAYS SAY, WELL, I'VE GOT ENOUGH DOUBTS TO KEEP A COW OF BLONDIES BUSY FOR WEEKS."



"MY LOUVE OLD MOM SUGGESTS I BRACE LINDA OTIS TO SEE WHAT I CAN SQUEEZE OUT OF HER..."



THE SCRATCH GENTLEMAN IS AT THE DOOR, MISS OTIS!











PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



"FIRST THEY SPRAY ME WITH SOME KIND OF 'YES' DUST, AND NOW THEY SPRING THE GIRL I'M SUPPOSED TO RESCUE—LOOKING LIKE SHE ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE ON THIS SEA-GOING MAUSOLEUM."

DRINKEE,
MR. SCRATCH?

NO DRINKEE, PAL-EE! I PUT MY NECK ON THE LINE TO SAVE YOU AND YOU WIND UP COZYING UP WITH THESE CREEPS! HOW DO YOU SPELL MY KIND OF SUCKER?

VIOLENCE WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, MR. A. JAX. AT LEAST I HOPE SO AS SOON AS OUR GUEST LEARNS OUR INTENTIONS WITH REGARD TO HIM.

WHAT'S WORSE THAN KNOCKING ME OFF, MASTERMIND? I ALREADY FIGURED ON THAT.

WORSE
THAN DYING,
MR. SCRATCH?

THIS. AH, INDEED—THIS IS MUCH MUCH WORSE THAN DYING. YOU HAVE EXPERIENCED THE EFFECT OF A WAFT OF ITS SPRAY IN YOUR FACE...COMPLETE ACQUIESCENCE...

...THE LOSS OF WILL POWER. NOW, CONCENTRATE, SIR—WHAT WOULD YOU IMAGINE ITS EFFECT TO BE IN CONCENTRATED FORM—AND INJECTED INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM?

"NOT GOOD!"

TO BE CONTINUED

PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1965

© 1965, Newsday, Inc.

"MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S ON A RENTAL BASIS, AND I'VE SKIPPED THE LAST TWO PAYMENTS...WHEN I HEAR THIS SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR..."

IF THERE'S SOMETHING HUMAN OUT THERE... HEAR THIS...THE DOOR'S LOCKED AND UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A GIFT FOR SLIPPING THROUGH KEYHOLES...GO -- BACK...

"SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING HUMAN IS OUT THERE...AND IT'S GOT A KEY..."

"...AND IT'S GORGEOUS."

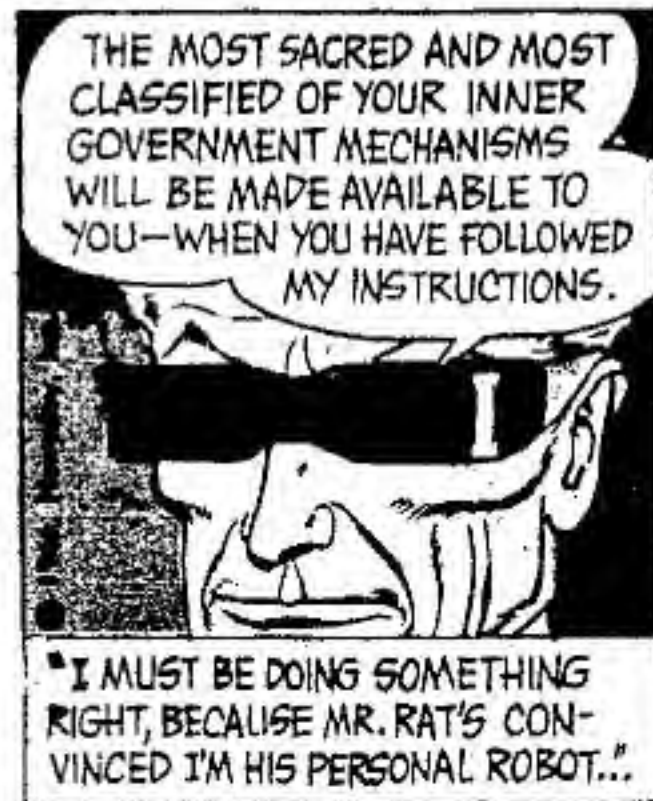
SLUMMING, MRS. MINUS?

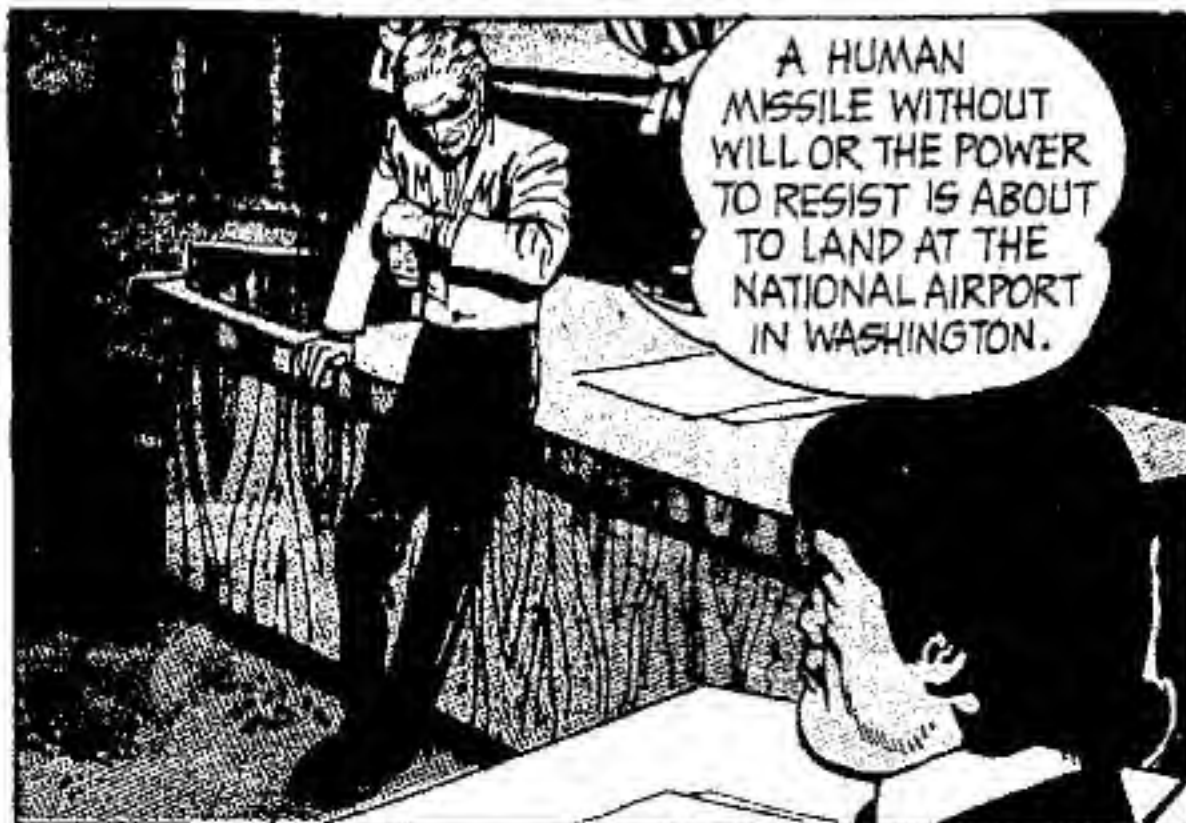
SKIP THE SARCASM AND LISTEN FAST.

WHERE IS STACEY?

SHALL I LOOK FOR HER, MR. MINUS?

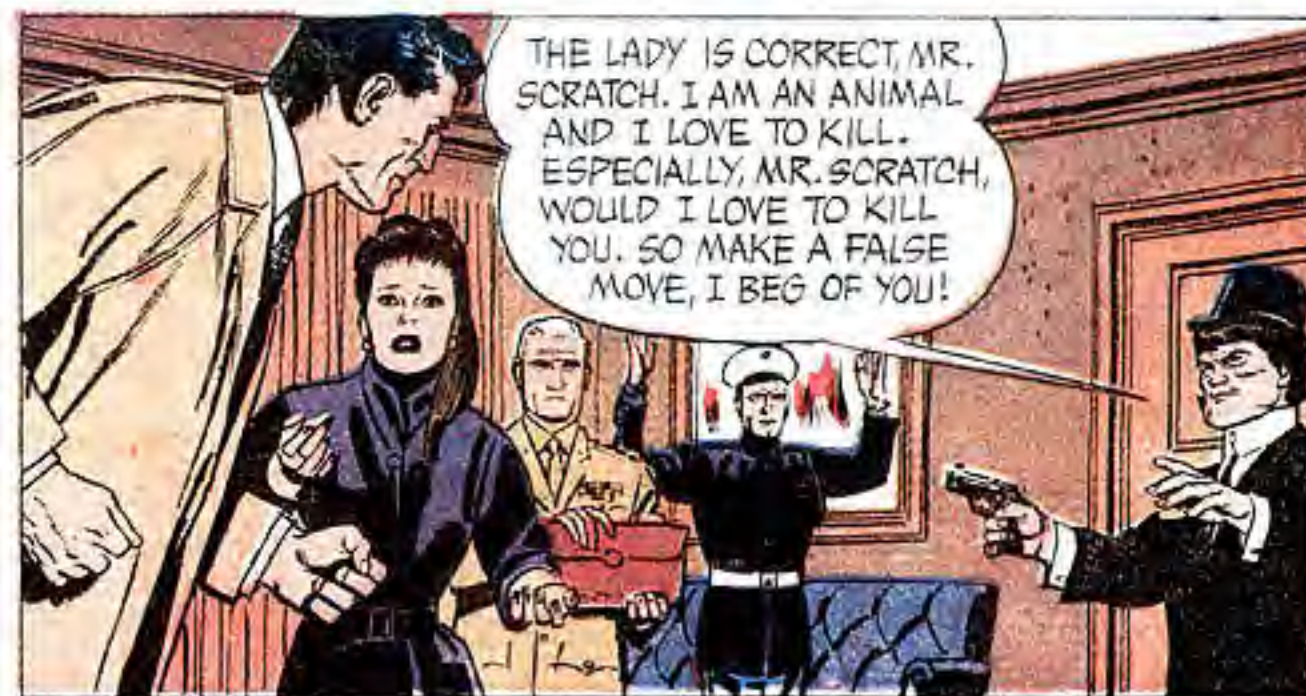
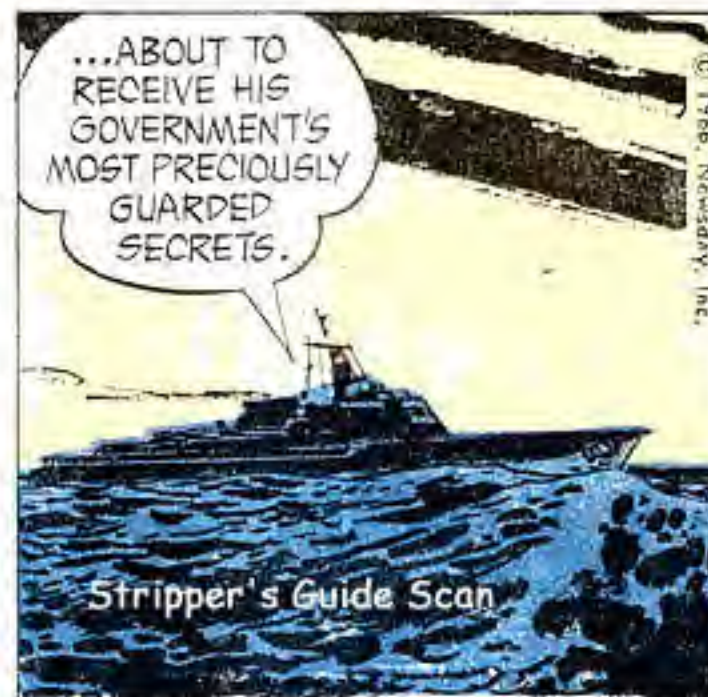
TO BE CONTINUED





PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine





PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine

"I AM WAITING FOR MY FINAL DECREE, DARLING. FREEDOM FROM THAT HUMAN NIGHTMARE, MR. MINUS. IT'S NOT CONSIDERED GOOD FORM FOR THE GIRL TO TELL THE BOY HOW TERRIBLY SHE MISSES HIM...SO...I MISS YOU TERRIBLY, PETER SCRATCH..."

© 1964, Manning, Selvage & Lee



WHAT'S MAKING YOU FANT, SON—MY COOKING—OR WHAT'S IN THAT LETTER?

IT'S FROM TRACEY MINUS AND SHE'S GETTING A DIVORCE FROM MR. MINUS. ONLY THERE IS NO MR. MINUS. I PUT A .38 INTO HIM—REMEMBER?

DON'T GET STARTED ON THAT KICK, SON. THE POLICE NEVER FOUND A CORPUS. SO HOW COULD YOU HAVE PUT A SLUG INTO THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE?

'LORETTA'S GOT A POINT. ONLY I'M THE STUBBORN TYPE. I HEARD THAT BULLET HIT—AND I HAD A WARM AND EMPTY CHAMBER IN MY GUN WHEN THE COPS ARRIVED!



YOUR ORDERS, MR. MINUS?

ATTACK—ATTACK UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINS IS A MINDLESS SPOT JABBERING HIS HALLUCINATIONS AT A BORED POLICEMAN!

TECHNICAL RESEARCH COMPLEX INC.

TO BE CONTINUED

PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine



PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine









PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE





IT'S BE CONTINUED...



"MY NOSEY OLD MOM, LUCRETIA, HAS CONNED ME INTO DROPPING IN ON BOBBY BLANE. BLANE'S MOTHER CLAIMS HE'S AN ANGEL. THE COPS SAY HE COULD BE THE SNIPER WHO KNOCKED OFF AN INNOCENT CITIZEN."



"BOBBY'S HIDING-OUT, SO I DROP THE CAB A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HIS PAD..."

YOU 9:28
YOU GOT THE
RIGHT ADDRESS,
BUDDY?

YEAH.



WHO'S
THERE?

PETER
SCRATCH.





"MY NOSEY OLD MOM, LUCRETIA, HAS CONNED ME INTO DROPPING IN ON BOBBY BLANE. BLANE'S MOTHER CLAIMS HE'S AN ANGEL. THE COPS SAY HE COULD BE THE SNIPER WHO KNOCKED OFF AN INNOCENT CITIZEN."



"BOBBY'S HIDING OUT, SO I DROP THE CAB A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HIS PAD..."



"YOU SURE YOU GOT THE RIGHT ADDRESS, BUDDY?"

"YEAH..."

"WHO'S THERE?"

"PETER SCRATCH."



PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine







PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine







PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine



PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE

"I'VE JUST BEEN CAUGHT WINDOW PEERING AT MY LATEST CLIENT. TINY AGNES, AS HE RENOVATES WITH SOCIETY'S OWN CHARLIE TENDON... THIS KIND OF ACTIVITY IS FORWARDED ON IN TINY AGNES CIRCLES SO I TAKE THE FAST WAY OUT..."



"BUT LIFE'S FULL OF FUNNY SURPRISES, LIKE WHEN I GET BACK TO MY OFFICE..."



"DANGHE MY SURPRISE TO FIND THE LAST OF THE BIG TIME DONORS - ANGELA TENDON - SITTING IN MY OFFICE LIKE SHE'D SPENT MOST OF HER LIFE BACKING AROUND WITH PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS."



"TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT?"

"STOP TRYING LIKE A STOCK COMPANY BUTLER, SCRATCH. I'M HERE BECAUSE I'M OLD AND SMART AND BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG AND SMART - I DEVOUTLY HOPE!"



"THAT'S THE USUAL OFFERED LINE FOR A PROPOSITION THAT WOULD BE UP BEHIND THE COURT BALL, ANGEL TENDON, WOULD GETTING HARD?"

"YOU'RE ON FIRE, YOURS MAN."



"HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW TINY AGNES?"



"THAT'S THE CLUNKER, THIS OLD GUY, IS NOT ONLY GUILTY - HE'S SMART!"

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I KNOW - WHAT'S THAT NAME?"

"STOP TRYING TO PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES, ANGEL TENDON. I WON'T BORN VICTIM."



"AND TELLING ME HOW YOU FOUND OUT?"

"I'LL TRADE YOU FACTS AFTER FOR ANSWERS THAT AGNES?"



"I'M THINKING THAT IT'S MUCH EASIER HAVE THIS CUTE OLD NUMBER WORKING FOR ME THAN AGAINST ME!"

"TO BE CONTINUED..."



SOCKO!



REMEMBER THAT—

If you like your comic strips spiced with power and excitement, you'll be fascinated by "Peter Scratch," which begins Monday in the Tucson Daily Citizen.

Scratch is one man against a fantastic cartel of villainy. This virile, hard-bitten hero attempts to stay honest in the face of terrible temptations (and is reasonably virtuous in the face of same). It all adds up to some pulsating predicaments—a breezy, wryly humorous comic strip that is pockmarked with high adventure.

Scratch's first case: "Don't Take My Picture!" The lively chase—and you would be wise to remember that—begins Monday in the Citizen.

IF IT'S WORTH READING

CITIZEN

TUCSON DAILY CITIZEN...YOUR AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER

